

# RURAL REPOSITORY,

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Such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

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## SPRING.



Thou hast come again, bright and beautiful Spring; thou hast come again. Thou hast come from the land of the far south, where thou reignest in perpetual glory. Thou hast come to deliver Nature from her stern bondage, and wake her slumbering powers to life and happiness; to touch the landscape with thy soft pencil, and make it as a picture of Paradise; to breathe upon the silent harp of earth, and send forth strains of inspiring music. A wreath of flowers is upon thy brow—garments of loveliness clothe thee—a silver sceptre is in thy hand—sunshine brightens thy path, and thy step is firm and free. Clouds hang their rich drapery over thee; day and night participate in thy pleasures, and rejoice in thy return. We welcome thee. The groves resound with thy welcome, and the solitary places are glad because of thee. Poetry lays her tribute before thee; incense rises from hill and mountain to thy name, and every hand extends to crown thee Queen of the Seasons.

Eden was thy first home. There, amid the new beauties of creation, thou didst shine in splendor. Earth had then no other sovereign, but thou wert all in all. The crystal streams leaped to the music of thy voice; the flowers derived from thee their beauty, and the air its perfume; the bowers were adorned with thy gifts, and every object reflected thy image. Sin disturbed thee. It robbed thee of thy honors, and darkened thy glory. Thou art no more what thou wert then. Thou art now but a temporary visitant, abiding with us for a time, and then departing. Rivals dispute thy territory with thee. Songs cannot charm thee to remain—prayers cannot keep thee; thou art forced to leave us, and resign the throne to thy successors.

Short as are thy visits, they are always pleasant. Melancholy never shades thy brow—sadness never gives its mournful tones to thy voice. Nature does not indulge in lamentation while

thou art with her. Winter brings sorrow and sighing, but thou doth bring all smiles and joy. Inanimate creation testifies its love for thee, and blesses thee as its kindest friend. Man doth praise thee. The husbandman sees the bow of promise bent o'er thee, and cheers his heart with the hopes of an abundant harvest. The invalid rejoices in thy coming; his languid eye looks bright, and his feeble pulses quicken, when from his chamber-window he watches thy gentle progress. The poet hastens to greet thee; it is for thee that the unearthly fire is kindled upon the altar of his bosom; it is for thee that his imagination wanders in quest of the beautiful; it is for

thee that he invokes inspiration, and touches the silver strings of his enchanting lyre. Do not the "morning-stars" still shout over thee as they did at thy birth? Do they not, in their distant stations, respond to the voices that reach them from earth—the voices that tell of thy glory? As the messengers of peace pass over the land, have they no eyes to read the glowing inscriptions thou doth write on Nature's page, and have they no ears to hear thy rapturous melodies?

Months have fled since thy last departure, fair Spring. How doth thou find us now? As thou left us? Ah, no. Changes, eventful changes have happened to us; new seals have been added to the oft-told truth, that life is uncertain. We have seen the lines that Hope drew along our horizon, fade away. We have seen our sun obscured; our day has been turned into night; the garlands that our hands made, have withered; plans have been defeated; unexpected trials have visited us; friends have forsaken us; relations have died; enemies have almost triumphed over us; spears have pierced us. Through all, Providence has safely led us. The storm has beat, and wildly beat, but our rock has not been moved. We have had a fierce warfare, but our shield is not broken. There was a kind wing over us—there were guardian spirits around us—our foes were restrained—succor was ever at hand, and hence, our feet have not faltered, and our souls have not been overwhelmed. Amid afflictions, blessings have crowned us, and therefore, in the night of our sorrow, the voice of our thanksgiving, like the voice of the nightingale, has ascended to Heaven.

And what may happen to us before thy next return? We cannot tell—we hardly dare imagine. The future is yet unformed; Providence must give it a character. How it shall be disposed into realities—whether it shall be blessed

or wretched—whether hope shall illumine it, or despair spread its thick curtain over it, we know not. Thou hast to note changes every season, beautiful Spring, and so it will be at thy next coming. We—what may we be—where may we be? We are now in full life and bliss, but ere thy return, sorrow may come as the midsummer tempest comes to the ripe harvest. Other friends may be gone hence and we left "to finish our journey alone." The treasures of the heart may "make to themselves wings and fly away," and the bitterness of we may be more fully tasted. Or, perhaps, others may be mourning for us; we may be no more, and thou mayest have to pause at our tombs and adorn them with thy simple beauties.

But should we be separated from earth, we know, that if we are prepared, we shall dwell in "the better land" through the merits of the Redeemer. "The better land!" Call it such, for it is a land where all that is beautiful and perfect exists, and where Imagination will find its most glowing pictures infinitely surpassed. Call it such, for it is so far above every thing here, that each one will be compelled to exclaim as he first beholds its glories, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, to conceive of the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him."

"There, everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers;  
Death, like a narrow stream, divides  
This Heavenly land from ours." L.

## SELECT TALES.

From Friendship's Offering.

THE COUNTESS.

BY THE HON. ERSKINE NORTON.

[Continued.]

THE season so much looked forward to and desired by the earl's family, rapidly advanced: it was thought better to remove early, in order that they might more conveniently superintend the finishing arrangements of their splendid mansion in Park Lane; an increase of establishment and equipage was also to be decided upon; therefore, early in February they left Twickenham for their new residence.

Although accustomed to every comfort, Harriet was not prepared for the degree of tasteful magnificence that presides over the town-residences of our nobility. At that time the appearance of London was very inferior to what it is now; and certainly no foreigner, from the outside of its houses, even in its most fashionable parts, could form an idea of the luxury that reigned within. A suit of apartments were assigned to Lord and Lady Delville's separate use; they had their own servants and their own carriage.

As London began to fill, a complete new scene

of life, of which before she had no idea, opened to Harriet; the throng of visitors, the variety of amusements, the number of morning and evening engagements, the drawing-room, the opera, (Almack's did not exist at that period;) the near approach to all that was illustrious in rank, talent and renown; to all that was distinguished in beauty and wealth. She often asked herself if it were possible that this was the same city in which she had lived all her life, so quietly and so regularly, where going to the theatre was an incident, and a band at the mansion-house a great event. So true is some sage's observation, that "the one half of mankind knows not how the other half exists."

Lady Delville, the heiress of the wealthy Middleton, the future Countess of Belmont, the wife of a very leader of the *ton*, beautiful, and in the bloom of youth, might at once be pronounced, without much risk of error, a star of first rate brilliancy and attraction; but they who thus pronounced her, found themselves, to their surprise, decidedly in error; for in spite of all the seemingly overpowering advantages, Lady Delville was *not* the fashion. The causes that contributed to her want of *eclat* were the following:—Lady Delville held but a secondary station in the Belmont family; she was completely under their rule and governance, and they had no intention whatever that she should play the leading card; they affected to treat her as a good-natured, pretty, simple creature, and congratulated themselves on being hampered with nothing worse, when forced by necessity to receive wealth and low birth into the family. It was soon perceived that to pay court to Lady Delville was not the way to secure the good will of her noble relatives, and it was known that she had no vote in the invitations to the countess' parties. She was wondering and shy; wanted *manner* sadly; was difficult to *draw out*, and when *drawn out*, was not considered worth the pains, for her education had been very superficial, and in no one accomplishment did she excel.

As the period for her becoming a mother was not far distant, she was obliged to decline dancing, and the same cause contributed materially to dim the lustre of her beauty. But the greatest sin of Harriet was, her deficiency in *tact*; she had only that sort of tact that prevented her from wounding the feelings of others, and from doing or saying any thing that could expose her to censure; but there is another kind of tact, which she had not—she was constantly noticing the people whom she ought not to have noticed. Any neglected country bumpkin, male or female, whom wealth or connexion had temporarily drawn within her orbit, was sure to meet with attention from Lady Delville; dependent authors or artists, not yet celebrated, always met with respect and courtesy from Lady Delville: if a chaperone was wanted, the young Lady Delville was never known to refuse, and many a scrape did she get into by taking to her party some queer staring girl, whom nobody knew. Another instance of the want of tact of society was her never paying court to any one, and especially avoiding all leading characters of every kind. It is not to be supposed that none appreciated Harriet; there were a few—a few certainly—who thought they

perceived in this young and timid girl, a mind capable of the highest cultivation, with a purity of heart, and a noble simplicity of thought and feeling, which uniformly compose the ground work of characters of rare superiority.

It cannot be said that Lord Delville was ever passionately fond of his wife, he had regarded her too much from the first as a *bargain*, and was only pleased to find that his bargain had turned out so well, and that no greater incumbrance was attached to a splendid fortune, than a young, pretty, sweet-tempered, and affectionate girl. His own mind was not sufficiently acute to judge of hers; he mistook her simplicity for want of sense, her defective education for lack of talent; he was neither surprised nor mortified that she made no *sensation*; it was not what he or his family expected or desired. When he united himself to the merchant's daughter, he had made up his mind to treat her with kindness, and perfect attention to her wishes; this he considered as sufficient to secure to her all the happiness she was capable of enjoying; and having so resolved, he thought himself at liberty to pursue his own schemes of pleasure, unquestioned and uncontrolled.

He was one of those willing slaves whom the seductive Mrs. Clermont bound to her triumphant chariot: he had before followed and admired her, because it was the fashion to do so; but since his marriage, she seemed more than ever resolved to entangle him. Mrs. Clermont was, in her little way, a perfect Cleopatra: she piqued him with her rallies, vexed him with her caprices, and tormented him with her flirtations; but then a single glance, a bewitching smile, a marked, though momentary preference, would re-attract him.

The elder brother of her husband was a baron, in possession of the family estate; but his younger brother was a needy half-pay officer with a numerous family, who were all much chagrined at the marriage of the rich old Bachelor! Colonel Clermont watched narrowly the conduct of his brother's young wife; for he was convinced that Mr. Clermont was the dupe of an artful and unprincipled woman; and he was not particular in the means which he employed to obtain such evidence of the criminal extent of her levities as would be received in a court of law.

Lady Delville's confinement was expected at the end of May; and from the commencement of that month, she had declined all invitations; her evenings were generally passed in her own apartments in the society of her father. The good man observed with pain that his daughter was not happy, but he wisely forbore to force her confidence: she made no complaint, but he could perceive the eagerness with which she listened for her husband's step and the sigh of disappointment which usually succeeded her expectation. He could not help feeling with bitterness that she was neglected, and *that* at a period when the sensibilities are the most acute, and when the approaching crisis, especially towards so young and inexperienced a creature, peculiarly called for sympathy, tenderness, and support. He often saw the traces of tears on her cheeks, and could sometimes scarcely recognize, in the pale and dejected countenance before him, his

own gay and happy Harriet; he saw, too, that in his presence, she strove to appear cheerful, but, from the artlessness of her disposition and manners, the struggle was painfully obvious.

One evening she seemed more than usually oppressed, and when her father rose to depart, her hand lingered in his, and at last she found courage to say: "I do not feel very well—I am unwilling to let you go—will you allow me to have this sofa made up for you as a bed to-night?"

"Certainly, my love—" and the arrangement was made.

Mr. Middleton could not sleep, and in about an hour a slight stir and bustle fixed his attention. At length Harriet's maid entered the room, and begged him to proceed to his daughter's chamber; he did so, and found her firm and composed. "I wish you, my dear father, to despatch one of my servants for Lord Delville." She then informed him of three places—Mrs. Clermont's was one—where, he had left word, he might be found. "The earl is at the House of Lords; when he returns, give him the information."

"And the ladies?" inquired her father.

"They are out—I do not want—I do not wish for them—and, if possible, let no servants but my own, know what is going forward."

The agitated father kissed the brow of his child, and breathed a prayer for her safety; then left the room to execute her wishes. He despatched Lord Delville's valet, who at the expiration of two hours, returned with the information that his master was no where to be found; beside the three places mentioned, he had inquired at several others, but he could get no trace of him.

At two in the morning, a presumptive heir to the earldom was born. In half-an-hour afterwards, the earl returned, and was led by Mr. Middleton to the chamber, where he kindly saluted the young mother and her child, and expressed his displeasure at the absence of the rest of the family; desiring that the ladies should not be informed of the circumstance at all, but left to find it out as they might, the following day.

Mr. Middleton returned to his sofa, and Mrs. Nurse, having watched both her charges safely asleep, lay down for an hour or two, leaving Harriet's maid on duty, by the bed-side. The valet yet waited up to let his master in. At four o'clock the well-known signal was given, and he opened the door; "O, my lord!" said the man, "I have been looking for you everywhere; my lady—" he stopped, terrified at the wild and haggard looks of his master.

"Speak, fellow!" exclaimed Lord Delville, sternly.

"Your lady—" the poor valet forgot, in his fright, the fine French phrases he intended to have made use of, and shortly replied:—"is brought to bed of a boy."

Lord Delville struck his forehead with his clenched hands, and rushed up stairs.

A single lamp was burning in the chamber, and Harriet's maid had encoined herself in an easy chair, behind a curtain, on the side of the bed farthest from the door. She saw the door softly open, and Lord Delville, with a counte-

nance which she declared would haunt her all her life, enter; he approached the bed, and gazed for a few moments on his wife and child. Harriet's extreme paleness, and a slight contraction of the brow, gave proof of recent suffering, but there was a smile of heavenly calm around her mouth, which struck like a dagger to the heart of her husband. The infant, round which both arms of the new-made mother were fondly clasped, lay on her bosom.

A sigh, almost a groan, burst from Lord Delville; he stooped down and kissed both Harriet and her babe; and averting his eyes, turned slowly away, proceeding to the door, which stood ajar; he leaned his head against it for a minute; then, with an effort almost convulsive, and without looking back, rushed forward, and the waiting woman heard no more, except the distant sound of the closing of the front door.

It is only necessary to explain, that Colonel Clermont had on that night succeeded, to the utmost in the scheme he had laid, and that the injured husband had been fatally and fully convinced of the dishonor of his wife. "Do not desert me!" were the only words the unhappy woman spoke, as, on bending knees, and with streaming eyes, she clung to her companion in guilt; and, at the moment when the scene just detailed, was passing in the apartment of his wife, Mrs. Clermont was waiting for Lord Delville, in a post-chaise, a few rods from the door of the earl's house. Before noon the next day, they were well on over their way to the Straits of Dover.

"Has Lord Delville yet returned home?"—whispered Harriet.

The young woman, with much presence of mind, replied: "He has been in your room, my lady, and has kissed both you and the child."

"Thank God," she ejaculated, and, with a lightened heart, passed her hand fondly over her infant, and again composed herself to rest.

It is impossible to describe the astonishment and consternation into which the earl and his family were thrown, on the following morning, when Colonel Clermont called, and informed them of what had taken place. After some consultation, it was agreed upon, that the earl should communicate the painful intelligence to Mr. Middleton, in order that he might break it to his daughter. This was done: the earl, with symptoms of unfeigned distress, and with no paternal shielding or softening of the conduct of his son, revealed to Mr. Middleton this public desertion of his innocent daughter.—The unhappy father seemed struck to the heart; he leaned his head upon the table, and, for a few minutes, neither spoke nor moved; at length he raised his eyes, and, clasping his hands, exclaimed:

"My child! my child!—would to God we had been content to remain in the condition of life in which it pleased him to place us! My lord, I have no reproach to make to you, and I forbear making any to your wife and daughters, altho' they have not behaved well to the poor girl. The blow it pleases heaven to inflict, falls almost as heavily on your heads, as it does upon ours; may God grant strength to bear it, to her who needs it most!"

He left the room, and, having given orders

that after her medical attendant had visited Lady Delville, he should be requested to speak to him, shut himself up.

It was the opinion of the doctor, that no delay should take place in informing Lady Delville of the whole truth; her inquiries for her husband had already become very anxious, and he thought that the blow, which could not be long parried, should be permitted to fall, before her mind became too much harrassed by her own conjectures, doubts, and fears.

At eight o'clock on the evening of that eventful day, as Mrs. Johnson, seated by the latticed windows opening towards her neat lawn, gemmed and perfumed by all the welcome flowers of spring, *en attendant* the preparation of the tea-equipage, and the renewal of the not yet discarded fire, was enjoying with a few friends, the beautiful moon-light scenery around her, a carriage, which she knew to be Lady Delville's, drove rapidly by, and, sweeping round, drew up at the gate: a note was immediately delivered to her by the footman; it was from Mr. Middleton, and contained but these words, in a hand very different from his usual neat and legible writing; "We are in great distress; pray come to my poor Harriet!" and in a quarter of an hour Mrs. Johnson was on her road to town.

She found the earl's mansion dark and shut up, with the knocker muffled; she was conducted to lady Delville's drawing room, and was there met by Mr. Middleton, whose neglected dress, and grief-marked countenance, made her fear that the worst was impending, for she thought only of the death of Harriet. It was therefore, with the utmost astonishment, indignation, and grief, that she listened to Mr. Middleton's hasty recital of what had really occurred, and which was indeed, to all appearance, bringing his daughter rapidly to the grave; a succession of long fainting fits had taken place during the day; she now however, slept.

Mrs. Johnson entered the room; she slept, indeed, but the burning cheek, parched lip, half-opened eye, and convulsive movements terrified Mrs. Johnson. She took her place by the bedside, and during her long and dangerous illness, never quitted her.

At the end of six weeks the patient expressed an anxious wish to return to her father's villa at Twickenham; it was complied with, and arrangements were immediately made for that purpose. She took an affectionate leave of the earl, and a civil one of the ladies, who had been regular in their daily inquiry and visit.

And as she approached Twickenham, the vivid recollection of the happy months she had passed there, as a daughter and as a bride, rushed forcibly on the mind of Harriet, and violently affected her shattered nerves and weakened frame; while folded like an infant in the arms of Mrs. Johnson, she wept long and silently. The air was balmy and refreshing; the household met her at the gate, half in sorrow; she shook hands with them all and begged to be carried around the gardens, before being taken into the house. She was pleased to observe, that, in spite of her father's absence, her gardens and green houses were in the most exact order, and looked more beautiful than ever; "I have to

thank you, James," she said to the gardener, "for your great attention to your charge during our absence."

"Why, my lady," replied James, "if I had been inclined to be careless—which I am sure I was not—Mr. Frank, who has been backwards and forwards this last month, would not have allowed me; and, indeed, since he heard, ten days ago, that you were coming here, he has been working with his own hands, inside of the house and out, to have every thing in order for you." Poor Harriet felt her heart swell, and her eyes again fill, at this speech; but she was fortunately not observed, for every body was busy admiring and talking to the baby, which had just opened a pair of laughing eyes, and was crowing at all around him.

On the following evening, Mr. Middleton had promised to be at Twickenham; and Harriet and the baby, after having been drawn around the garden in a garden-chair, were installed by Mrs. Johnson in the drawing-room, on a sofa, opposite the trellised window opened to the lawn while she returned to meet Mr. Middleton, and to report progress. It was twilight, and all around were still, serene, and beautiful; Harriet was alone, with the exception of the sleeping infant in her arms. "I wonder whether Mr. Heartly will accompany my father?" and then she sighed, and the recollection of the scene in the breakfast-room veranda strongly occurred to her; its meaning, she had of course never doubted, followed, as it immediately was by the departure of Mr. Heartly to the Continent, and she had never seen him since: "Alas! how unconscious I was of his affection! and how ill, at that time, I should probably have requited it, even had I known of it!" And then the image of the handsome, the fascinating, the beloved Lord Delville, rushed over her heart and brain, and, pressing her infant closer to her; "O! how could he desert us my child?" she exclaimed passionately. At that moment, a step approaching attracted her attention; it was Frank himself, slowly walking up the path. He looked thinner and paler, than when she last saw him; his countenance was thoughtful, and even gloomy; he advanced, without raising his eyes from the ground, until he was near the house, when he cast an anxious look at the upper windows, as though he thought the object of his cares must be in those apartments. All his mental preparations for the interview were overthrown, on finding her so close to him when he entered: the rosy tranquil infant, the pale, emaciated, and miserable-looking young mother!—could this be Harriet—the happy, lovely, innocent Harriet—at seventeen? "Do you know me Frank?" she said, as she extended her hand;—he took it, knelt, and pressed it to his lips; he could not quell his deep emotion—a burning drop fell on the hand he held—he looked up and strove to speak, but the silent tears were coursing each other down the cheeks of Harriet, and, angry with himself, he turned away and left the room. Harriet struggled to regain her composure, for she knew her father must be near; he soon entered, accompanied by Mrs. Johnson, and followed by Mr. Heartly.

In the course of the evening, Mr. Middleton communicated to his daughter, that Lord Del-

ville had directed that the deeds of settlement should be returned; thus giving up all claims upon his wife's fortune: he had also desired that the child should remain under the sole charge of Lady Delville. Mr. Clermont and his brother were occupied in arrangements for bringing the cause before a court of law, and the Belmont family, in their impoverished state, were in great consternation as to the result. They were about leaving their mansion in town, and returning on a more reduced income than ever, to Twickenham.

It was decided by Harriet's physician, that, as soon as she had gained a little more strength, she should be removed to the coast for the benefit of the sea-air, bathing, and a change of scene; and, Hastings, that salubrious, quiet, and cheerful spot, was fixed upon. Frank was despatched by Mr. Middleton to choose a residence; and he succeeded in securing a charming marine villa, near the town, splendidly fitted up, surrounded by a little domain tastefully laid out, in the most perfect order, and commanding a beautiful view. Harriet was anxious to leave Twickenham before the Belmonts returned to their residence there; and, within a month, with feelings of the most sincere gratitude and affection, she took leave of the kind and excellent Mrs. Johnston, who promised soon to pay her a long visit, and, accompanied by her father, Lady Delville proceeded to Hastings. She was so satisfied with her new residence, that she took it for a term of three years, scarcely aware at that time, but pleased afterwards to recollect that Belmont Castle, the hereditary seat of the earl's family, was situated on the coast of Sussex, a few hours journey from her present abode.—Having seen her comfortably settled, her father and Mr. Hearty returned to town.

It was not Harriet's wish, under her peculiar circumstances, and in her present delicate state of health, to form any new acquaintances; she had, besides, taken a distaste to society, and only thought of that in which she had moved for one season in London, with feelings almost amounting to aversion. She had, however, promised Mrs. Johnston to allow her to introduce her by letter, to a valued friend of hers, as soon as she found her spirits equal to such an effort.

A few days after her arrival she entered the library on the marine parade, in order to make her subscription, and to select some books and drawing materials. She sent on her carriage with her child and maid for a short airing, while so employed; and waiting for their return, she was attracted by a table covered with newspapers: it was sometime since she had seen one, for, in fact, they were purposely kept from her. Two ladies entered the library and took their seats near her, but she did not even look at them, for her eyes were rivetted by the following paragraph; "*On dit*—that Lord Delville is about receiving a diplomatic appointment at one of the minor courts of Germany, where it is expected he will reside for some time with his frail and lovely friend. It is averred, also, that he has relinquished all claim to share in the wealth of his deserted wife: this is as it should be; but where are the ten thousand pounds damages to come from?" With a trembling hand, Harriet

laid down the newspaper, and took up another, merely to sustain the appearance of reading.

"How the papers ring with the Delville business!" said one of the ladies, affectedly.—Harriet raised her eyes, and recognised in the speaker a person who had been much indebted to her in London; and for chaperoning whose dowdy daughter, she had once or twice got into a scrape. She was one of those hangers on who spoil society, English society especially;—kissing the feet of those who were a step above her in the scale of fashion, and striving unmercifully to kick down those who were a step below her. Without birth, wealth or education, she yet succeeded in planting herself in certain circles, where she had no pretension to be; she was callous to all affronts, and received smilingly the broadest hints, while acting in direct opposition to them.

"You know," she continued, "I was very intimate with the Belmonts last season."

"I have heard you say so, very often indeed," replied the other lady, a middle-aged, well-dressed woman, with a benevolent but penetrating countenance.

"And of course," continued the first speaker, "I knew something of this Lady Delville."

"I have heard her very well spoken of, and much pitied."

"Why, poor thing! one can't help pitying her to be sure; but she certainly was not a match for Lord Delville: I have heard Lady Katharine say, that had he married an accomplished and fashionable woman in his own sphere of life, this affair would not have happened."

"Why did he not then marry in his own sphere of life, as you call it?"

"Because the family wanted money, you know."

"Then I am very sorry they did not catch a Tartar, who with her money would have kept the family in order. Lady Delville I am informed has arrived here. I suppose as you are so intimate, you intend calling on her?"

"Hem!—it is said that the Belmonts mean to take no farther notice of her; her money is no longer useful to them, for her husband has, foolishly enough, resigned all claim to it, and she will probably die off, her health being very bad, or sink back among her own set!"

"Well—mind what you are about, Mrs. Crumpley! Recollect that she is very rich, is the mother of the presumptive heir, and that in the usual course of things, nothing can prevent her becoming Countess of Belmont: these are weighty considerations for a person like you." This was said in a tone of strong and contemptuous sarcasm, but taken with a civil smile and approving nod.

At this moment Harriet's carriage drew up; the footman putting his head into the library door, inquired if her ladyship were still there. The coronnetted carriage instantly attracted the attention of Mrs. Crumpley; but on the question being asked, her eyes were turned with surprise on the hitherto unregarded figure that had sat near her, in a plain white morning dress, warm shawl, and straw bonnet, but she could not catch a glimpse of the face, as Harriet rose and, somewhat feebly, proceeded to the carriage, assisted into it by the bowing and officious shopman.

"Pray, sir," inquired Mrs. Crumpley, who is that—is she a late arrival?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the man, as he reseated himself at his desk, "she has just written her name down."

Mrs. Crumpley flew to the book; the other lady, who had watched the scene, stepped up lightly behind her, and their eyes caught Lady Delville's name at the same instant.

"Ha! ha! ha! I beg your pardon for laughing, Mrs. Crumpley, but I can't help it—ha! ha! ha! good morning to you Mrs. Crumpley."

Such incidents as these, so young as Harriet was, and so very lately accustomed to see the world on its worse side, could only contribute to render her the more disgusted with it; and her friends regretted the love of solitude, and the gloomy and misanthropic turn her mind seemed about to settle in. It was only at the most earnest entreaty of her father, that she at length consented to the introduction of Mrs. Johnston's friend.

Mrs. Wilmot was a widow without children, with a large fortune, and considerable landed property near Hastings. She had been foolish enough, or wise enough—as the reader may choose to settle it—thus circumstanced, to enter into no second matrimonial alliance. Her father had been under important obligations to the late Mr. Johnston, and, strange to say, his daughter had remained sincerely grateful for them, and had attached herself warmly to old Mrs. Johnston. She was perfectly *au fait* at Harriet's history and character, and was resolved to devote to her the whole resources of her powerful mind, her excellent heart, her tact and knowledge of the world. On her entrance, Harriet immediately recognised the lady who had spoken with Mrs. Crumpley in the library.

Nothing could be more advantageous to Harriet than the formation of this acquaintance, which soon ripened into the sincerest and most lasting friendship on both sides;—marked on that of Mrs. Wilmot, by zeal and devotion, on that of Harriet, by gratitude and respect.—The fine taste, and cultivated intellect of Mrs. Wilmot, developed those mental capacities in Harriet, which had hitherto lain dormant. Besides a most efficient course of reading in her own language, the treasures of the French and Italian were thrown open to her; the beauties of poetry, that highest, most veiled, and therefore least relished of the arts, she now began to comprehend and enjoy; music and painting relieved her more serious studies; of the latter especially, she was very fond, and became, at length, quite a proficient in it.

But there was an alteration in Harriet's mind that surprised even her; a calm and dignified submission to her lot, took place of those inward repinings, in which she had unsparingly indulged; if the heart-felt laugh of youth and joy had fled for ever, the tear of heart-wriving woe had also ceased. Without losing one atom of its peculiarly feminine and delicate texture, her mind was gradually acquiring firmness and solidity. In the indulgence of her best affections towards her father and her child, and towards her small, but well-selected circle of friends; in the acts of benevolence to the afflicted and poor; in the full employment of her time, and in the constant

heart-exercise of the purest, meekest, and most trusting devotion, Harriet found that peace, which bitter experience had taught her, "the world cannot give." Sea-air, bathing, exercise, and an excellent constitution, all contributed to restore to Harriet her former health, and even more than her former beauty, although its style and expression were altered.

By degrees, Harriet became more sought after than she had any idea of, and more the subject of conversation than she would have wished. Among the strangers who visited Hastings, many a manœuvre was put in practice, and many a solicitation made to Mrs. Wilnot to obtain a peep at Lady Delville; and those who had been acquainted with her in London, and also those who had overlooked her acquaintance there, all anxiously renewed it, as far as they could.

Her father frequently came down, and so did Mrs. Johnston; Mr. Heartly more seldom, and when he did so, was usually Mrs. Wilnot's guest, with whom he had been long acquainted. He had been returned to Parliament, as one of the city-members, and was expected to run a brilliant career; his talents were of the highest order, and he was universally courted and esteemed. "I shall hear of his marriage next," thought Harriet.

In the course of the first winter of Harriet's residence at Hastings, Mr. Clermont's cause came on. The damages were laid at ten thousand pounds; they were awarded at five thousand; which sum, before the court broke up, was paid by Mr. Middleton's attorney into the hands of Lord Delville's, who immediately passed it into those of Mr. Clermont's agent. Lord Delville instructed his attorney to thank Mr. Middleton, and to acknowledge his having become his debtor to that amount.

Three years glided away; during this time, no written communication was received from Lord Delville to his wife and, of course, none was made by her. She occasionally received a kind note of inquiry from the earl, in which the names of none of his family were ever mentioned, and consequently, they were excluded from her answers.

Harriet had now reached her twenty-first year, and affairs stood in the position just described, when Mr. Middleton, while waiting one morning for his carriage, to take him down to Hastings, glanced his eye over a newspaper, and was struck by the following paragraph: "The Earl of Belmont was taken seriously ill, in the House of Peers, last evening; he was conveyed to his friend Lord ——'s residence without delay, and medical aid procured; we are sorry to learn that his lordship is considered in great danger; his family were sent for, from Twickenham." Mr. Middleton stepped into his carriage, and ordered it to Lord ——'s: he sent up his card, and was instantly admitted into the earl's bed-chamber, who was gasping under a rapid and violent inflammation of the lungs: the room had been cleared by his order, and no one remained but the physician and the valet. The earl held out his hand to Mr. Middleton, and with difficulty said, "I am dying." He then turned to his valet, and by signs ordered him to draw out his desk, which stood near, in its packing case; the man opened it, and at the top lay a sealed letter, directed to Lord Delville. The

earl gave this to Mr. Middleton: "Deliver it speedily:—my love to your dear daughter;—good bye, good bye!" he waved his hand impatiently, and Mr. Middleton was hurried from the apartment.

He consulted with Mr. Heartly, and it was decided that, after the earl's funeral had taken place, Mr. Heartly should himself set off for the continent, and be the bearer of the letter to Lord Delville.

The death of the good earl took place on the following day, and intelligence of it was immediately conveyed to Lady Delville. After the funeral Mr. Middleton went down to Hastings, and Mr. Heartly set out on his mission.

[Concluded in our next.]

## BIOGRAPHY.

### WILLIAM WASHINGTON.

WILLIAM WASHINGTON, Colonel in the American army, was the eldest son of Baily Washington, Esq. of Stafford county, in the state of Virginia; and belonged to a younger branch of the original Washington family.

In the commencement of the war, and at an early period of life, he had entered the army, as captain of a company of infantry, under the command of General Mercer. In this corps, he had acquired, from actual service, a practical knowledge of the profession of arms.

He fought in the battle of Long Island; and, in his retreat through New-Jersey, accompanied his great kinsman, cheerful under the gloom, coolly confronting the danger, and bearing, with exemplary fortitude and firmness, the heavy misfortunes, and privations, of the time.

In the successful attack, on the British post at Trenton, Captain Washington acted a brilliant, and most important part. Perceiving the enemy, about to form a battery, and point it in a narrow street, against the advancing American column, he charged them, at the head of his company, drove them from their guns, and thus prevented certainly, the effusion of much blood, perhaps, the repulse of the assailing party. In this act of heroism, he received a severe wound in the wrist. It is but justice to add, that on this occasion, Captain Washington was ably and most gallantly supported by Lieutenant Monroe, late president of the United States, who also sustained a wound in the hand.

Shortly after this adventure, Washington was promoted to a majority in a regiment of horse. In this command he was very actively engaged in the northern and middle states, with various success, until the year 1780. Advanced to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and placed at the head of a regiment of cavalry, composed of the remains of three that had been reduced, by sickness and battle, he was then attached to the army under General Lincoln, engaged in the defence of South Carolina.

Here his service was various, and his course eventful; marked by a few brilliant strokes of fortune, but checkered with two severe disasters. The first of these reverses, was at Monk's Corner, where he himself commanded; the other, at Eutaw's Ferry, where he was second in command to Colonel White.

Inured to an uncommon extent and variety of hard service, and sufficiently disciplined in the school of adversity, Colonel Washington, although a young man, was now a veteran in military experience. Added to this, he was somewhat accustomed to a warm climate, and had acquired from actual observation, considerable knowledge of that tract of country, which was to constitute, in future, the theatre of war.

Such was this officer, when at the head of a regiment of cavalry, he was attached to the army of General Greene.

One of his partisan exploits, however, the result of a well conceived stratagem, must be succinctly narrated.

Having learnt, during a scouting excursion, that a large body of loyalists commanded by Col. Rudgley, was posted at Rudgley's mill, twelve miles from Camden, he determined on attacking them.

Approaching the enemy, he found them so secured in a large log barn, surrounded by abatis, as to be perfectly safe from the operations of cavalry.

Forbidden thus, to attempt his object by direct attack, his usual and favorite mode of warfare, he determined for once to have recourse to policy.

Shaping therefore, a pine log in imitation of a field-piece, mounting it on wheels, and staining it with mud to make it look like iron, he brought it up in military style, and affected to make arrangements to batter down the barn.

To give the stratagem solemnity and effect, he despatched a flag, warning the garrison of the impending destruction, and to prevent bloodshed, summoned them to submission.

Not prepared to resist artillery, Colonel Rudgley obeyed the summons: and with a garrison of one hundred and three rank and file, surrendered at discretion.

In the spring of 1782, Colonel Washington married Miss Elliot, of Charleston, and established himself at Sandy Hill, her ancestral seat.

After the conclusion of peace, he took no other concern in public affairs, than to appear occasionally in the legislature of South Carolina.

When General Washington accepted the command in chief of the armies of the United States, under the presidency of Mr. Adams, he selected as one of his staff, his kinsman Colonel William Washington, with the rank of Brigadier-general. Had other proof been wanting, this alone was sufficient to decide his military worth.

In private life, he was a man of unsullied honor, united to an amiable temper, lively manners, a hospitable disposition, and a benevolent heart.

## MISCELLANY.

From the Philadelphia Garland.

### "DON'T GO THERE."

THE scenes of our boyhood are often remembered, and as the stripling rises into manhood, the lessons of his youth become the light of his after pilgrimage. No one, perhaps, ever lived, who has not felt the indescribable sensations of a full heart, when with the tender yet overwhelming parental reproof for some youthful aberration.

Parental authority never exercises a nobler or more beneficent prerogative, than when to the correction of youthful error, it brings its hallowed affection and unshaken justice. The youthful offender melts into contrition, and can only dry up his tears in the sunshine of forgiveness. When he beholds the smile of justice satisfied, or benevolence kindly extended to his faults, he endeavors to do better, and deserve the kindness he receives. In the fulfilment of the many duties of a parental character, there is a high accountability to which many are altogether insensible. The habits of the parent are too often the sole inheritance of the child; and his tastes, principles and pursuits are often fashioned by the most trivial attentions or neglects of the parent.

When a mere youth, the curiosity natural to children frequently led me beyond the limits of parental license. One afternoon, as I wandered into a neighboring church-yard, to scan the monuments that told the brief story of its silent inhabitants; the sun had cast his last declining rays upon the tall trees beside me, ere I thought of returning home, or of the command I received at my departure. The sense of disobedience confused me: and I sat down, silent as the marble at my feet. From this reverie I was aroused by a shrill call from the nursery of weeping willows on the side of the grave-yard; and had not time to answer before she stood at my side, an aged domestic of my father's dwelling, clad in an unusual garb. She led me hastily towards home, betraying at every step, evident fear of the ghosts and spirits, the most marvellous stories of which she had been wont to pour into my ear. She led me by the hand, now wondering at my temerity, now chiding me for disobedience to my parents, and now pitying me for the punishment I so richly deserved for having frightened her almost out of her little wits. She wound off her lamentations with an emphatic charge, "never to go there again."

"Don't go there!" said she, as we passed a gang of wrestlers: "there will be broken limbs and bruises—don't go there." We passed successively the retreats of the idle, the haunts of the dissipated, the assemblies of the profane—and my guide, as we hurried onward, earnestly repeated the injunction; "Don't go there!"

In the course of a long life, I have witnessed the various characters of men, and wondered at the facility with which passion and folly lead them astray—and I have a thousand times thought of the simple warning of my guide, and longed to whisper it in their ears. When youthful companions urged to the wayward chase, to some evening route or revel; the withered form of the old enchantress stood before my young eyes, and I could no longer yield to their solicitations.

And now, when I see a young man about to enter the gay assembly of the thoughtless and vicious, perhaps to join in riotous excesses, debauchery and gaming—I could wish to avert the evil, and tell him, "never to go there."

When I see a young mechanic, dependent on his daily earnings, the merchant's clerk, whose salary will scarcely keep him in decent clothes, nightly wending his way to the theatres, I could wish to whisper in his ear, "Don't go there."

When I see the young entering the gin palaces, or the rum shops, the illuminated billiard rooms, and dark bowling alleys of the metropolis—I could wish some spirit would put the thought into their minds—"Never to go there."

And the fair, too; when I see them, apparently with no pursuit but pleasure, wasting the golden hours of morning in sleep, and the live-long days in gadding about the streets, wasting the earnings of their fathers on feathers and frippery, and becoming the pets of gallants and whiskered coxcombs—methinks they had better "not go there," for as age creeps on, and they perchance get no husbands, they may need those friendships which prudence and industry never fail to secure, and without which old maids are miserable creatures.

Finally, old maids and young maidens; bachelors and married men; wives and children; when flattery allures, or vice or passion calls them to forbidden pleasures; when the customs of the gay world entice them to join the circle of extravagance, and swell the crowd of dissipation; all should be taught this salutary lesson, "Don't go there."

#### REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCE.

The following anecdote is quoted from the new Philadelphia Quarterly Review:

When the British army held possession of Philadelphia, Gen. Howe's head-quarters were in Second street, the fourth door below Spruce, in a house which was before occupied by Gen. Cadwallader. Directly opposite resided William and Lydia Darrah, members of the society of Friends. A superior officer of the British army, believed to be the adjutant-general, fixed upon one of their chambers, a back room, for private conference: and two of them frequently met there, with fire and candles, in close consultation. About the 2d of December, the adjutant-general told Lydia that they would be in the room at 7 o'clock, and remain late; and that they wished the family to retire early to bed; adding, that when they were going away they would call her to let them out, and extinguish their fire and candles. She accordingly sent all the family to bed; but as the officer had been so particular, her curiosity was excited. She took off her shoes and put her ear to the key-hole of the conclave, and overheard an order read for all the British troops to march out late in the evening of the 4th and attack Gen. Washington's army, then encamped at White Marsh. On hearing this she returned to her chamber and laid down. Soon after, the officer knocked at the door, but she rose only at the third summons, having feigned herself asleep. Her mind was so much agitated, that she could neither eat nor sleep; supposing it to be in her power to save the lives of thousands of her fellow-countrymen, but not knowing how she was to convey the information to Gen. Washington, not daring to confide it to her husband. The time left, however, was short. She quickly determined to make her way as soon as possible to the American outposts. She informed her family that, as she was in want of flour, she would go to Frankfort for some; her husband insisted she should take her servant-maid with her, but to his

surprise she positively refused. She got access to Gen. Howe, and solicited what he readily granted, a pass through the British troops, on the lines. Leaving her bag at the mill, she hastened towards the American lines, and encountered on her way an American lieutenant colonel (Craig) of the light horse, who, with some of his men, was on the lookout for information. He knew her and inquired where she was going? She answered, in quest of her son an officer in the American army, and prayed the colonel to alight and walk with her. He did so, ordering his troops to keep in sight. To him she disclosed her secret, after having obtained from him a solemn promise never to betray her individually, as her life might be at stake with the British.

He conducted her to a house near at hand, directed something for her to eat, and hastened to head-quarters, when he brought Gen. Washington acquainted with what he had heard. Washington made, of course, all preparation for baffling the meditated surprise. Lydia returned home with her flour; sat up alone to watch the movements of the British troops; heard their footsteps; but when they returned in a few days after, did not dare to ask a question, though solicitous to learn the event.—The next evening the Adjutant-general came in, and requested her to walk up to his room as he wished to put some questions. She followed him in terror; and when he locked the door and begged her, with an air of mystery, to be seated, she was sure that she was either suspected or betrayed. He enquired earnestly whether any of her family was up the last night when he and the other officer met: she told him they all retired at eight o'clock. He observed, "I know *you* were asleep, for I knocked at your chamber door three times before you heard me: I am entirely at a loss to imagine who gave Gen. Washington information of our intended attack, unless the walls of the house could speak. When we arrived near White Marsh we found all their cannon mounted, and the troops prepared to receive us, and we have marched back like a parcel of fools."

#### THE SABBATH.

But blessing, and ten thousand blessings, be upon that day! and let myriads of thanks stream up to the throne of God, for this divine and regenerating gift to man. As I have sat in some flowery dale, with the sweetness of May around me, on a week day, I have thought of the millions of immortal creatures, toiling for their daily life in factories and shops amid the whirl of machinery, and the greedy craving of mercantile gain; and, suddenly, that golden interval of time has lain before me in all its brightness—a time, and a perpetual recurring time, in which the iron grasp of earthly tyranny is loosed, and Peace, Faith, and Freedom, the Angels of God, come down and walk once more among men! Ten thousand blessings on this day—the friend of man and beast!—The bigot would rob it of its healthy freedom, on the one hand, and coop man up in his work-day dungeons, and cause him to walk with downcast eyes and demure steps; and the libertine would desecrate all its sober decorum on the other. God, and the sound heart and sterling sense of Englishmen, preserve it from

both these evils!—Let us still avoid Puritan rigidity and French dissipation. Let our children, and our servants, and those who toil for us in vaults, and shops, and factories, between the intervals of solemn worship, have freedom to walk in the face of Heaven and the beauty of earth, for, in the great temple of Nature, stand together Health and Piety.—For myself I speak from experience, it has always been my delight to go out on a Sunday, and like Isaac, meditate in the fields; and especially, in the sweet tranquillity, and amid the gathering shadows of evening; and never, in temple or closet, did more hallowed influences fall upon my heart.—With the twilight and the hush of earth, a tenderness has stolen upon me—a desire for every thing pure and holy—a love for every creature on which God has stamped the wonder of his handywork—but, especially, for every child of humanity; and then I have been made to feel, that there is no orator, like that which has Heaven itself for its roof, and no teaching like the teaching of the spirit, which created, and still over-shadows, the world with its infinite wing.

#### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

THE following letter from the late Lord Colingwood to Mrs. Hall contains some valuable advice to mothers: "I had great pleasure," writes his lordship, "in the receipt of your very kind letter a few days since and give you joy, my dear Maria, on the increase of your family. You have now three boys, and I hope they will live to make you happy when you are an old woman. I am truly sensible of the kind regard you have shown to me in giving my name to your infant; he will bring me to your remembrance often, and then you will think of a friend who loves you and your family very much. With a kind and affectionate husband and three small children, all boys, you are happy and I hope you will ever be so. But three boys!—let me tell you the chance is very much against you, unless you are forever on your guard. The temper and disposition of most people are formed before they are seven years old; and the common cause of bad ones is the great indulgence and mistaken fondness which the affection of a parent finds it difficult to veil, although the happiness of a child depends upon it.—Your measures must be systematic; when ever they do wrong, never, omit to reprove them firmly, but with gentleness. Always speak to them in a style and language superior to their years. Proper words are as easily learned as improper ones; and when they do well—when they deserve commendation—bestow it lavishly.

"Let the feelings of your heart flow from your eyes and tongue; and they will never forget the effect which their good behavior has upon their mother, and this at an earlier time of life than is thought. I am very much interested in their prosperity, and that they may become good and virtuous men. I am glad that you think my daughters are well behaved girls. I took much pains with them the little time I was at home. I endeavored to give them a contempt for the nonsense and frivolity of fashion, and to establish in its stead a conduct founded on reason. They could admire thunder and lightning as well

as any other of God's stupendous works, and walk through a churchyard at midnight without apprehensions of meeting any thing worse than themselves. I brought them up not to make griefs of trifles, nor suffer any but what were inevitable."

#### ABERNETHY AND LISTON.

WITH all his power of creating mirth and provoking laughter in others, Liston was, when at home, the dullest man imaginable, and a prey to low spirits, which frequently threatened his reason. By the persuasion of his wife, he went to the celebrated Abernethy, so well known for the *brusquerie* of his manner. Liston was ushered into the surgeon's room, and was received with a slight bow by the old cur, who was unacquainted with the name or person of his visitor.

"Sit down, sir—what ails you?" said the doctor.

Liston stated his complaint with gravity and deliberation.

"Is that all?" inquired Abernethy. "There's nothing the matter with you; low spirits! Pooh! pooh!—go to Covent Garden to-night and see Liston perform—if that has no effect, go again to-morrow—that will do it; two doses of Liston will restore a melancholy madman—there—go—go."

Liston was taken aback—tipped his guinea—and made a most theatrical exit.

#### ON ONE CONDITION.

SOME years ago, when the Legislature of one of the middle States were framing a new Constitution, the discussion of its various provisions was warm and obstinate. Many days had been spent in fiery debate, and the vote was at length about to be taken. Just at this moment, a country member, who had been absent for some days previously, entered the House and took his seat. Another member, who was in favor of the amended Constitution, went to him and endeavored to make a convert of him.

"You must vote for the Constitution, by all means," said he.

"I'll think of it," said the country member.

"But you must make up your mind at once, man, for the vote is about to be taken."

The country member scratched his head, and seemed puzzled.

"Come, why do you hesitate? Will you promise me to vote for the Constitution? I am sure it will give general satisfaction."

"I'll vote for it on one condition," said the country member. "What is that?"

"And on no other, by gracious!"

"But what condition is it?"

"Why, that they let it run by my farm."

#### THE LEARNED YOUTH.

A COUNTRY youth, the son of a prosperous farmer, had spent some time at an academy, "fitting for college," and one of the vacations which he spent at home, he was one day in a brick-yard where his industrious father with hired men were making brick. The father, desirous of knowing something of his son's progress in learning, asked him what was the Latin for brick?

"Brickabus," replied the candidate for literary honors.

Very well," observed the father, "now tell us the Latin for coat."

"Coatabus," was the reply.

"Very like—very like," said the father, who though not skilled in Latin, was not lacking in good sense and shrewdness—"and now the Latin for frock—eh?"

"Frockabus," was the answer.

"Ay, ay," said the old gentleman, "now go home, take off your *coatabus*, put on your *frock-abus*, and go to making *brickabus*, for you don't go to the academy at my expense any longer, I can tell you."

#### CLERICAL ANECDOTE.

OLD parson W. of Bristol county, Mass. related the following anecdote of himself; He wished to address every portion of his flock in such a manner as to impress them most deeply, and accordingly gave notice that he would preach separate sermons, to the old, to young men, to young women, and to *sinners*. At the first sermon his house was full; but one aged person was there. At the second, to young men, every lady of the parish was present, and but few of those for whom it was intended. At the third, few young ladies attended, but the aisles were crowded with young men. And, at the fourth, addressed to *sinners*, not a solitary individual was there except the sexton and the organist. "So," said the old parson, "I found that every body came to church to hear his neighbors scolded, but no one cared to be spoken of himself."

DELICATE COMPLIMENTS.—A young lady being addressed by a gentleman, much older than herself, observed to him, the only objection which she had to a union with him, was the probability of his dying before her, and leaving her to feel the sorrows of widowhood: to which he made the following ingenious reply: "Blessed is the man that hath a virtuous wife, for the number of his days shall be doubled."—*Ecc. xxxi. 1.*

WIFE AND DOCTOR.—A lady who presumed to make some observation, while a physician was recommending her husband to a better world, was told by the doctor, "That if some women were admitted there, their tongues would make Paradise a purgatory." "And if some physicians," replied the lady, "were to be admitted there, they would make it a desert."

#### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

D. H. Bradford, Vt. \$1.00; W. W. C. Randolph, Vt. \$1.00; W. I. M. Montrose, Pa. \$1.00; C. W. F. Burlington, Vt. \$1.00; I. A. Cowlesville, N. Y. \$1.00; H. Y. Watervliet, N. Y. \$1.00; C. R. Cortland Village, N. Y. \$1.00; Z. S. Winchester, Ct. \$1.00; D. C. Moretown, Vt. \$1.00; G. B. R. Port Henry, N. Y. \$2.00.

#### Married,

In Catskill, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. Joseph F. Phillips, Mr. Caleb Croswell, editor of the Catskill Recorder, to Miss Elizabeth Jane, daughter of Horace Willard, Esq. all of that place.

#### Died,

In this city, on the 11th inst. Ann Maria, consort of Captain Franklin Taylor, and daughter of Isaac Hansen, Esq. of Albany, in her 35th year.  
On the 19th inst. Mr. Joseph Stalker, in his 85th year.



## SELECT POETRY.

From the Columbia Spy.

## THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

BY MISS C. H. WATERMAN.

"COME tell me thou old grey haired man  
What weary days thou'st seen  
Since thou wert like myself, a boy,  
And life's glad path was green?  
I know that hoary head of thine,  
In many a tempest hour,  
Hath bowed before the sudden stroke,  
Of fate's relentless power."

"It would be but a heavy tale,"  
The aged one began,  
"To tell to thee, thou bright-eyed child,  
Of such a worn old man;  
I was not wont in other years  
Fair boy, to be so poor,  
I never thought in those bright days,  
To beg from door to door.  
I never thought these palsied hands  
Would grasp the beggar's staff,  
Or that these ears, were made to hear  
The loud, un pitying laugh.  
I had a gentle Mother once  
To part my sunny hair,  
A doting sire—whose hoard of love,  
My heart alone did share.  
I was a little, bright-eyed child,  
When, far from all he loved,  
To the church-yard solemnly,  
My Father was removed.  
The widow reared her orphaned boy  
'Till childhood's days were o'er,  
And when my manhood's days were fresh,  
My mother smiled no more.  
Her strugglings with my infancy,  
Her long, long watchful care,  
Met no return on earth—for she  
Was called God's home to share.  
I sought for other joys—and bound  
A dear one to my side,  
And in my flush of manhood's dawn,  
I won a beauteous bride.  
Like blossoms from a blushing tree,  
The fruit whereof is good,  
Beside me in the bloom of joy,  
Two twin-born roses stood.  
But Oh! the goodly tree was felled—  
She paled—and day by day,  
The life grew weaker at the heart,  
That on mine own heart lay;  
She left me when those little doves  
Lay nestling on her breast,  
She left them in that widowed home,  
A sad—but sweet bequest.  
Thou wilt not blame the poor old man  
That he must weep awhile,  
When he recalls his wife's last look,  
Her angel parting smile.  
They grew in beauty—and my boy  
Had dark locks such as thine;  
My girl's were golden threads, that seemed  
With sunny gleams to twine.  
My boy—a bold and daring one,  
Had heard of other lands,

And fashioned in his infancy,  
Ships, with his tiny hands.  
And when he grew a stripling tall,  
A manly boy, and brave,  
He left his father's house, to rove,  
Across the foaming wave.  
He never came to tell us aught,  
That he had looked upon,  
For the dark, wild, and swelling sea,  
Had swallowed up my son!—  
All things went wrong—the sunny brow  
Of my home darling, grew  
To deadly-pale—her rosy cheek  
Lost its bright crimson hue.  
More like that angel in the sky  
Each day she seemed to grow,  
"Till the young ruddy lips grew white,  
And the heart ceased to flow.  
Childless, widowed, parentless  
Beside her confined form,  
I knelt—and all this silver hair  
Came in that night of storm.  
I pressed her cherub brow—and sent  
That dove of beauty fair  
Back to its parent bird, to take  
My last fond, lone kiss there.  
And there they met, a blessed band,  
A sire and mother dear,  
A tender, fond, and doting wife,  
With two loved children near.  
And here am I—the last sole link  
Of that uniting chain,  
Left through a long, long lapse of years,  
Of misery and pain.  
Hard poverty hath born me down—  
But one sweet hope is nigh,  
He who bears crosses meekly here,  
Hath his reward on high.  
To that vast storehouse of my joys,  
All hope and thought is given,  
Earth may not hold me long, for all  
My treasures are in Heaven.  
I said 'twould be a heavy one  
When first my tale began,  
Thy young heart will not soon forget  
The grey haired beggar man."

*Philadelphia, December, 1839.*

## THE BROKEN LYRE.

"Thus sighed the broken music  
That in gladness had no part!  
How like art thou, neglected lyre,  
To many a human heart!"—MRS. HEMANS.

In a lone, deserted hall  
A broken lyre was lying,  
And through the ancient casements  
The sullen wind was sighing;  
And all the strings of that gentle harp,  
Save one, were snapped in twain,  
And it answered the gusts of the fitful wind  
With a sad and mournful strain.

"O Where," it sighed, "is the hand that swept  
My chords in the days of yore?  
It lieth cold, in the silent grave—  
It will waken my voice no more:  
I remember well the low, soft voice  
And step as the light wind free,  
And the silvery laugh of that lovely girl  
As she touched the strings in glee.

"But the spoiler came and sapped the flower  
That was too bright for earth,  
And the bounding step grew feebly slow,  
And hushed the voice of mirth;

And when she struck the lyre again,  
And sung of by gone years  
In tones of saddened tenderness,  
Her eyes were filled with tears.

"At length, one glowing summer's eve,  
She closed her eyes and slept,  
And strangers entered silently,  
And gathered round and wept;  
And many a sigh burst from their lips,  
And mournful words were spoken,  
As, whispering low among themselves,  
They said 'her heart was broken!'

And ever from that saddened hour  
Neglected I decay;  
Thou canst not wake my voice again,  
Wild, fitful, and away!"  
The plaintive voice was hushed and still,  
The mighty wind rushed by  
And snapped in twain that sorrowing chord,  
With a sound like the lone dove's cry.

'Tis ever thus with memory  
That round the fond heart clings,  
When stern misfortune's withering blast  
Has snapped all other strings:  
Recalling things once loved, now lost,  
By many a treasured token,  
Till one great power asserts its sway,  
And life's last link is broken!

From the Token for 1840.

## TO A WILD VIOLET, IN MARCH.

BY HON. S. G. GOODRICH.

My pretty flower, how cam'st thou here?  
Around thee all is sad and drear—  
The brown leaves tell of winter's breath  
And all but thee of doom and death.

The naked forest shivering sighs—  
On yonder hill the snow-wreath lies,  
And all is bleak;—then say, sweet flower,  
How cam'st thou here in such an hour?

No tree unfolds its timid bud,  
Chill pours the hill-side's lurid flood,  
The tuneless forest all is dumb;  
How then, fair violet, didst thou come?

Spring hath not scattered yet her flowers,  
But lingers still in southern bowers;  
No gardener's art hath cherished thee—  
For wild and lone thou springest free.

Thou springest here to man unknown,  
Waked into life by God alone;  
Sweet flower, thou tellest well thy birth—  
Thou cam'st from Heaven, though soiled in earth.

Thou tell'st of Him whose boundless power,  
Speaks into birth a world or flower;  
And dost a God as clearly prove,  
As all the orbs in Heaven that move.

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